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THE GENTLEMAN.

GENTLEMAN is perhaps the most indefinable word in the English language. We would in vain endeavour to fix a positive idea upon it. We think we have it—"That is a gentleman," say we; and what is he?—he is a person decent to look upon; but the word gives us no idea of his virtues, abilities, qualities. He may be a philosopher or a Vandal; a man of morals, or a man of vice; he may be any thing or nothing.

It is evidently no express description of rank. A late British monarch prided himself upon being the first gentleman in his dominions. The peer in his place in Parliament also speaks of himself as a gentleman; so does the commoner in the lower house. And yet, while the three different branches of the legislature are gentlemen, they have used their legislative authority to confer the epithet upon only one and an inferior class—the attorneys. In the sense of the act of Parliament, the attorneys are the only gentlemen in England; and this they are, whether respectable or otherwise. They may be pettifoggers, which is very bad indeed; but still they are "gentlemen."

The word as evidently is no mark of wealth or station. "You are no gentleman," said a waiter in a tavern to a person who gave him threepence. Threepence more would have constituted the gentleman in the eyes of the waiter, and this threepence may have been withheld through poverty. But then there is a class of persons—one not apt to be very prominently brought forward in society, but still a well-known class—called "poor gentlemen." So that the epithet gentleman, after all, may be consistent with poverty. "What sort of a person," said I to my landlady, "is that who occupies your back parlour?" "He is a tailor by trade," said she, "but very much the gentleman." This meant that he paid his five shillings a-week regularly. I asked her further who was that who had just gone out. "Oh, he is the gentleman in the first floor: he's badly off, I fear; he owes for four weeks." Thus it is seen that the word is not confined by any regard to the station or trade of the individual.

Nor is the word appropriate exclusively to any sort of habits. "That's a perfect gentleman," said a friend of mine, looking at the same time towards a person dressed very handsomely, and who had the refined and reserved air of one who is not accustomed to mean or gross things. We walked a little farther. "There's a gentleman for you," said my friend, and I beheld a person in something like the dress of a groom, with gait and manner corresponding. In what respect could this individual be a gentleman? He kept a pack of fox-hounds.

Dress, no more than wealth or rank, constitutes a gentleman. We meet well-dressed persons, whom we should never think of characterising as gentlemen, and shabby-looking persons whom we should never think of setting down as any thing else. Nay, two persons may display habiliments equally threadbare and miserable, and we will single out one towards whom we bear an involuntary respect as a gentleman. Even a gentleman's gentleman has something about him which we can recognise, whatever disguise circumstances may have imposed upon him.

There is no doubt that we have all a vague conception of something, when we talk of a man being a gentleman. We do not call the petty rogue or the pilloried vagabond a gentleman. Our negative idea is more complete than our positive. But sometimes even this distinction becomes useless. For instance, a man who smokes a cigar in a ballroom is no gentleman, but again to smoke a cigar in the streets is the act of a gentleman. If a man eat too heartily, he is

not a gentleman; and if another have nothing to eat, he is also not a gentleman. Therefore a glutton and a beggar are equally excluded. One is a gentleman because he is polite; another, very impolite, is a gentleman because he is rich. In fact, it is difficult to say, after all, who is a gentleman, and much more difficult to say who is not. It would appear the king upon his throne, the chancellor upon the woolsack, the archbishop with his tiara, are all gentlemen; and they would consider themselves ill used if they were not held entitled to that character. The statesman, the soldier, the sailor, the lawyer, the priest, the merchant, are all gentlemen. But we cannot stop here. We must include the various ranks and grades of shopkeepers and their apprentices, of attorneys' clerks, and we may go on, *ad infinitum*, in the descending scale. It is unlike all other things, for it has a beginning, but no end. It is true that many of these persons are not considered as gentlemen by their superiors; but that does not prevent them being so considered by themselves and by many others.

What, then, do we conclude respecting the word "gentleman?" It is a title which confers no distinction, but without which all distinctions are of no account. It forms the most terrible of accusations—"He is not a gentleman!"—for a man must be indeed sunk who has forfeited that title. It is difficult to say how a man who has once been a gentleman becomes no gentleman. This is a transmigration difficult to be traced. It is sometimes violent, sometimes gradual; not resenting an insult, not fighting a duel, loss of fortune, will precipitate a man at once. But a man may long stick to the character of a gentleman, his evil ways being only by degrees exposed, until he at length becomes branded as one totally worthless. Then he perhaps loses caste, and perhaps not; for many there are who consider such matters as not derogatory to the dignity of the gentleman. In short, to unite all ideas into one focus, to catch the divergent rays of light which are abroad concerning the "gentleman" of the present day, would be a task almost superhuman.

Gentleman is a word peculiar to the English language. It is used and comprehended only in the United Kingdom. It can be translated into no living language. The *gentilhomme* of France, the *anständiger man* of Germany, are very different beings from the gentleman of England. It is often said, indeed, that in those countries they do not know what a gentleman is; that in fact they have no gentlemen amongst them; for if they had, they would naturally have a word by which the character might be expressed. But this, we know by observation, is not quite the fact; but it is equally true that this very mysterious, indescribable, indefinite personage, is even now partially comprehended on the Continent, though an indigenous name has not been applied to him. We hear the word "gentleman" used in Paris or Vienna sometimes; for the repetition of the word by English travellers has familiarised the term, though the lively Frenchman or sober German has an idea of its meaning yet more vague than we have ourselves.

When we meet a person of decent appearance whose name or calling we are unacquainted with, we say we met a gentleman at so and so. Here the word is used in a sense different altogether from that in which we have hitherto considered it; it now expresses merely that we met a man, whom, in courteous phrase, we call a gentleman, from the poverty of our language, without meaning or conveying any idea that he is in fact a gentleman in the extended signification. It is merely a denomination of common parlance, in which no opinion is included either of the station or qualifi-

cations of the individual. In this way it is applied to all whose coats are not absolutely threadbare or out at the elbows. In this particular sense the word is accurately expressed by the "Monsieur" of the French, the "Signore" of the Italians, and the "Herr" of the Germans.

In the United States of America, where all our conventional phrases are in vogue, this word "gentleman" is in much more confined use. We find it there generally substituted by the simple expression "man." Nothing, perhaps, annoys an Englishman so much in America as hearing himself perpetually called "man." The waiter in an hotel, the steward in a steam-boat, the driver of a stage-coach, all address you as a "young man." "You must not remain there, young man," says a black "nigger," as he pushes by you. This sounds grating on the ears of one accustomed to a more respectful salutation. To say to a person in America "that he is not a gentleman," should you get into a dispute with him, is far from conveying that deadly insult which we here esteem it, to be expiated only by an exchange of shots.

In our daily use of the word, it may be said that we confound all meaning and all ideas. We apply it without attaching any particular signification, and again we apply it as intending an extraordinary designation.

"Who is that gentleman who just passed us?"

"He is a writer's clerk in Dublin Street."

"But, pray, who is that gentleman?"

"Oh, that is the Earl of —."

Here we have evidences of the use of the word in its most general indiscriminate application.

Then, if we proceed in our inquiries, we have such answers as—

"That is a gentleman of fortune, but a very proud overbearing fellow."

"That is a modest unassuming gentleman, but very badly off."

"There's a silly good-for-nothing fellow, but very gentlemanly."

"He's clever and talented, but we cannot call him a gentleman."

"That's a regular sponge—he'd sell his conscience for a dinner; but he is a gentleman in his manners."

"There's a mean miserly fellow, but he's a gentleman in his own house."

"That's a purse-proud ignoramus, but he spends his fortune like a gentleman."

We might go on thus for ever. We see a man a gentleman in one part of his character, and devoid of all pretensions to it in another. We may stretch this view of it from the peerage to the lowest grade of society above that engaged in actual labour, or sunk in utter misery, debauchery, and crime. We may sweep our eye over this wide expanse, and we shall in vain look for a resting-place for an exact idea of a gentleman. Here he is a man of fine feelings, there of a low grovelling disposition. We would fruitlessly endeavour to draw a perfect and distinct line.

So much for a bagatelle consideration of the oddly diverse ideas which we have come to describe by the term "gentleman." It may now be proper, by tracing, in a few words, the rise of this singular diversity, to present some fixed ideas respecting the word, to the minds of our readers.

The English word gentleman is unquestionably derived from the French *gentilhomme*, a man of birth or extraction. Selden informs us that it was introduced by the Normans. The French word, again, must have been derived from the Latin adjective *gentilis*, belonging to a family. At the time when the French began to use the term *gentilhomme*, and the English the phrase *gentleman*, no persons, besides those who

enjoyed the distinction of having been born of parents in the higher walks of life, and who kept up a proud meditation upon that superior birth, displayed manners of any refinement. To be a gentleman, or man of descent, was to be a mild, or at least a comparatively mild and courteous man; all others were mere *churls* (men), and, without exception, rude and unkind. Hence to be *gentle* and to be *courteous* came to be the same thing in common discourse; and there is no other origin for the former word than the idea of ancestry. To be a *churl*, on the other hand, though the word originally signified simply a male human being, came to be the same thing with being an ungracious savage. Dame Juliana Berners, in a work on coat-armour, written in 1406, gives a curious exemplification of the limited senses in which *gentleman* and *churl* were then respectively used. Reflecting on the Scriptural chronicling of the progeny of Adam by Seth, and the obscurity to which that of Cain had been condemned, she says, "Cain became a churl through the curse of God, and Seth a gentleman by his father's and mother's blessing."

About the time of Elizabeth, the word *gentleman*, though still employed as an express and formal designation for men of birth who had no other titles, was also used in a more extended sense. Shakespeare used the word in reference to kings and nobles—"The king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar"—

The Earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman.

In those days, men of birth without fortune had few ways of employing themselves. They often became the attendants of men of superior rank; hence the numerous offices in the royal household to which the word *gentleman* is attached—as gentlemen of the Privy Chamber, gentlemen pensioners, and so forth; and hence the employment of the word in our own day, to express the principal servant of an eminent person. Gentlemen of the sixteenth century might also become soldiers—a class who have always been considered as gentlemen. Or, in certain parts of the country, they might take up predatory habits: thus Spencer, speaking of the well-born native Irishman—the Scottish *dunnie-reasal* was almost the same—says, "He holdeth himself a gentleman, and scorneth to work, which, he saith, is the life of a peasant or churl, but enureth himself to his weapon, and to the gentlemanly trade of stealing." But the first and the secondary meanings of the word had been already separated, so as to become a fit subject for that antithesis which has since been so frequently applied to them. Bernard Gilpin, preaching before Edward VI., says, "The meane men murmur and grudge, and say the gentlemen have all, and there never were so many gentlemen and so little gentleness."

As the class of persons who were inspired with courteous feelings became extended, the word *gentleman* became liable to a wider and more liberal application, and was in numerous instances, of course, conferred upon individuals who had no birth to boast of. But it did not on this account cease to be a characteristic term for a man of ancestry, or of one who applied himself to such a means of livelihood as it was alone supposed a man of ancestry could apply to without degradation. Hence we find it, in the present day, used in its original sense respecting the limited class of persons who were originally entitled to it; in its secondary sense, regarding the vast mass of persons who now conduct themselves relatively in the manner of those who first took it; and, in a third sense, as simply descriptive of a man of the better kind of external appearance, without regard to either his birth or his manners. As it is not impossible that a man entitled to the appellation by birth may want the appropriate style of feeling and thought, the phenomenon of "a gentleman who is no gentleman" is sufficiently intelligible. As it is not impossible that a man entitled to the appellation by feeling and thought may temporarily want the usual external appearance, and the usual means of expenditure, the phenomenon of "a poor gentleman" is also quite intelligible. Finally, as a man of humble occupation may occasionally assume the requisite external appearance and no small share of the requisite manners, and show himself in places where he can only be judged of by those circumstances, it is not wonderful that a writer's clerk and the Earl of — may be spoken of in the same breath as gentlemen.

It is remarked, in the lighter part of this little essay, that we would never think of applying the phrase to a labouring man, or to a worthless person of any sort. We do not think of applying it to persons notoriously worthless—for its secondary sense, as descriptive of a person of elevated thought and feeling, would there be obviously inappropriate. Its not being applied to labouring men is not wonderful, when we consider the circumstances of that useful and estimable, but comparatively lowly class. It is quite possible, we suppose, in Scotland, where many labourers dress themselves well on Sundays, for an individual of that class to be spoken of, on that day, in a tea-garden, as "the gentleman who had strawberries in number seventy-seven." But working men in general do not any where as yet gall the kibe of the masters, the clerks, the shopmen, and all the other mercantile and mechanical persons who, in one sense, and under certain circumstances, enjoy the appellation of gentlemen. Nevertheless, as the phrase, like the circles produced in a lake by the dropping of a stone, has constantly been tending outwards, it is not improbable that it will soon also em-

brace this class. Means are now unquestionably in operation for working a vast improvement in both the mental and physical condition of the labouring classes. Their ordinary enjoyments are in the process of being purified; their minds are rapidly becoming informed and their sentiments elevated; and year after year, by improvements in machinery, in communications, and all the appliances of life, a larger share of good things falls within the scope of particular incomes. The *churl* will thus gradually be extinguished, the base mob feeling supplanted by a just sense of public and private rights, and the whole nation, excepting perhaps the large small family of Misery, become entitled to the designation of gentlemen.

CHARACTERISTICS OF UNCIVILISED NATIONS.

BESIDES the numerous varieties in colour which the exterior of different races of men presents, there are other points of distinction equally obvious, and found to exist with the same undeviating regularity. Some of these are generally considered of minor importance, such as the shades of the hair, eyes, and beard. The tresses of the head seem at first view rather an insignificant excrescence than an object worthy of attention; yet it has been regarded as one of some importance by the best physiologists. If we attentively observe the black crisp curls of the Negro, and compare them with the straight lank locks of the Red Indian, we see a difference as strongly marked as that of their skin. The Chinese, who despises all born out of the Celestial Empire, compares the European, with his soft light hair, to the lower animals with their fur. The islanders of the South Sea have abundant black curling hair; and between these and the Africans, the natives of New Holland form in this respect a sort of medium. The animal kingdom presents us with numerous analogous instances of varieties in the texture and appearance of their coverings of hair and wool, occurring, undoubtedly, in the products of the same stock. Sheep are particularly marked by the great difference, in different latitudes, of their fleece. In Thibet and Spain it is soft and delicate, while in very warm countries, like the hair of man, it is coarse and rough. By observing care in intermixing the former of these with the latter, the change would be parallel to that which takes place in the case of man. Food and climate appear to be the great modifying agents in the production of these varieties in the animal world, and indeed no attempt has been made to assign a separate origin in their case.

As far as regards the beard in different races, the same shades of distinction exist. The glory of the white race has always been a well-decked chin, while some of the dark nations are devoid of such an ornament altogether. In America, the natives were observed by their earliest visitors to have little more than an occasional straggling hair on their faces; and it has since been discovered, that they carefully exterminated the scanty portion which nature bestowed on them. An argument has been founded on this practice, that, in the lapse of ages, it may have destroyed nature's wish to continue an appendage they were so ungrateful for; but the fact that the whole of their persons is smooth in proportion, tends to overturn the theory. The Mongolian tribes have the same remarkable deficiency, and the beard of the Negro is commonly of very scanty growth.

Respecting the colour of the eye, a general law may be stated, which is, that those races alone have any variation in the colour of it, who present varieties of skin and hair. The German race are commonly characterised by light hair and blue eyes, and varying shades of black are found in the coloured races, the iris in the Negro being scarcely distinguishable from the pupil which it encloses.

Having thus briefly described the minor points of distinction which the external appearance of man presents, one observation ought to be made, and deeply impressed on the mind, that from no circumstance are we for a moment entitled to conclude, that varieties in colour of skin, of hair, or of eyes, have the slightest reference to the mind of man, or any connection with its capacity and culture, further than the artificial regulations and polity of society may have joined them together. The dark races of Africa are often found to produce intellects of respectable capacity, while the natives of Terra del Fuego and the Caribs, the most hopeless to appearance of all human beings, are far from being tinged with so deep a dye, and have hair perhaps more nearly resembling that of the European races.

The only physical varieties which are found in any respect to correspond with the mental characteristics of different nations, are presented by the form of the head. What immediately follows is a connected view of these varieties, with a general reference to the five great divisions of the human race.

Caucasian.—The vertical and frontal regions form a large and smooth convexity, which is a little flattened at the temples: the forehead is high, broad, and perpendicular; the cheek bones are small: superciliary ridges run together at the root of the nose, and, from the tip of the nose to the outer corner of the eye, form an elegantly curved arch: the upper jaw

softly rounded, and the chin full. The back part of the skull not prominent.

Mongolian.—Head, generally, square: forehead low and slanting: cheek-bones stand out widely: nose flat, approaching a level with the cheek-bones, with a narrow entrance: the alveolar edge of the jaws forms a flattened arch in front: chin prominent: no superciliary ridges.

Negro.—Forehead narrow, slanting, and arched: nose thick, the nostrils incorporating with the cheeks: lips very thick, jaws large and elongated, and chin retracted. The whole face exceedingly large in proportion to the skull; orbits of the eyes wide, and eyes prominent. The face projected at the lips, like a muzzle, receding from them both ways, up and down.

American.—Forehead small and low: cheeks broad, but more rounded than the Negro: orbits deep, and the nasal cavity wide and large.

Malay.—Resembling the last in many points, having the skull narrow, the face large, and the jaws prominent.

The great Caucasian division includes every nation and tribe of mankind distinguished for the possession, or, to speak with more propriety, for the exhibition, of great intellectual endowments, from the beginning of the world to the present time. To this wonderful and striking fact, it is no objection to say, that the arrangement is artificial and arbitrary. Man, no doubt, has made the *nominal* classification, but the actual distinction is the work of nature. Indeed, those who have been the most sceptical regarding the justice of the division have been unable, from the whole history of man, to bring forward more than one nation as an exception. This is the ancient race who inhabited Egypt, the builders of the pyramids, and the creators of those other immortal works of art, which, at the commencement of written history, were visited by the learned men of all countries, as wonderful monuments of antiquity, and evidences of intellectual advancement and civilisation of the highest order. This ancient race is described, by some writers of no mean research, as having possessed all the characters of the Negro tribes; and the proof of the assertion rests on the formation of some of the sculptures and mummies, which unfortunately are now the only intelligible records of the times of the pyramids. Were this indeed the case—were it indeed true that the temples, the palaces, and all the monumental relics of science and religion which made such men as Plato and Pythagoras resort to Egypt to study, and to call her the cradle of the arts—were all these the creation of men with black skins, woolly hair, flat noses, and slanting foreheads, how fearfully fallen, how different the Negro character at the present day! But the evidence on the subject goes no farther than to prove that there were men, possessing every characteristic of the Negroes, co-existent with other races in Egypt in the days of its grandeur. The modern Copts, who have the greatest pretensions of any to this high descent, have some of the African marks very strong, though not nearly so much as the tribes of the interior. But it must be allowed, that, out of all the sculptures and mummies, the quantity found bearing the Negro lineaments is so exceedingly limited, that we are justified in supposing that they are merely incidental images of a race acting in the capacity of servants to the ancient possessors of Egypt; because by far the greater proportion of mummies resemble, in form of skull and features, the Caucasian race, which is unquestionably the strongest species of evidence the subject is capable of. The pretensions of the black races, therefore, to have exhibited to the world one nation not behind any white race whatever in civilisation and mental greatness, rest upon very slight and untenable grounds.

The Mongolian division comprehends a great portion of the Asiatics, and the inhabitants of North America. The tract which this great variety of the human family inhabit, is nearly continuous, the distance from Kamschatka to the nearest point of the American land, by Behring's Straits, being almost passable by a fishing yawl. The race is all of one general erratic disposition, being distinguished for qualities, on the whole, indicating an inferiority in all the nobler attributes of man to the Caucasian variety. The American division includes the southern tracts of North, and nearly all South America. The Malay division extends over all the South Sea Islands, and also over a portion of the Asiatic continent, with the islands of the Indian Archipelago. The last, or Negro division, comprehends the nations of the larger portion of the African continent. In a paper necessarily so brief as this, little more can be said regarding these four latter divisions of man, than that they present the same remarkable want of development of the cerebral organs, when compared with the white race. The list just given shows this as fully as is necessary for understanding the inquiry, how far the moral and intellectual qualities of these races have corresponded with their physical organisation; an inquiry to which all the phenomena of structure are merely preliminary.

Between the miserable beings who inhabit Terra del Fuego, and the ancient Germans (who may be considered, as presenting in their early history, a fair specimen of an uncivilised white race), a difference is presented in the descriptions of each, so striking as to tempt us almost to refuse the former the common claim of humanity. The Roman historians characterise the Germans as a people rude and warlike, but still hos-

pitiable and generous, ignorant of any arts except those necessary for the cultivation of the soil, and remarkable for kindness to their females and children. The traveller represents the natives of Terra del Fuego as in a state of starvation from hunger, wandering naked in an inhospitable clime, unprovided often with the shelter of the meanest hovel, able neither to build nor to till, and wanting ingenuity to cover their bodies or to kindle fires. It may possibly be raised as an objection to the fairness of this comparison, that the wretched creatures we have described are doomed to exist in a country and clime unequalled for barrenness and severity, while the Germans enjoyed a beautiful and fruitful land. Let us turn, then, to a country, overflowing, as a late traveller expresses himself, with the bounties of nature, and observe its inhabitants. Here is the description:—"Just below the town, the river spreads itself into two noble branches, of equal width, formed by an island. The country beyond the banks was very fine. The island in the middle of the river is small, but verdant, woody, and handsome; and we passed by the side of it in a very few minutes with considerable velocity. It was then that both banks presented the most delightful appearance. They were embellished with mighty trees and elegant shrubs, which were clad in thick and luxuriant foliage, some of lively green and some of darker hues, and little birds were singing merrily among their branches. Magnificent festoons of creeping plants, always green, hung from the tops of the tallest trees, and, drooping to the water's edge, formed immense natural grottoes, pleasing and grateful to the eye, and seemed to be fit abodes for the Naiads of the river!" Surely, if situation or circumstances could operate, to the extent that is sometimes attributed to them, on the moral feelings and intellect, the noble scenery here described must have advanced those who enjoy it to a high rank in the scale of mental greatness. Alas! the river is the Niger, and those who inhabit its banks are sunk in ignorance and degradation, moral and intellectual, little different from that of the poor native of Cape Horn. In both cases, it is remarkable that the cerebral organs are very small, with the brow slanting at a very sharp angle.

The phrenologists have been creditably active in their inquiries into the mental characteristics of uncivilised nations, and represent themselves to have in all cases found a general correspondence between those characteristics and the organological developments of the skulls of the respective tribes, of which they have, in various museums, collected numerous specimens. They hold the Carib skull to be the lowest in development with which they are acquainted, and accordingly all accounts of this nearly extinct race represent them as not possessing sufficient intellect to comprehend an abstract idea, not even the idea of a number greater than that of their fingers. In the Esquimaux skull, they find little benevolence; and accordingly Captain Lyon describes them as never showing any kindness except from interested views, while they allow widows and orphans to starve. The Esquimaux skull, however, shows much love of offspring; and so fond in reality are they of their children, that they never deny them any thing they want. These circumstances are of a peculiar importance, as illustrative of what we cannot deny to be a fact in human nature, that kindness for offspring and general benevolence are sentiments entirely independent of each other. The points of distinction among the various uncivilised races are very numerous. Some of these tribes, particularly in certain parts of the African coast, manifest cruelty in all its most revolting forms. Others, not more advanced in intelligence, display some regard for their fellow-creatures. Some are cowardly; others, such as the Esquimaux, though unaccustomed to strife, hardly know what fear is. It would appear that the North Americans of Mongolian origin form, upon the whole, the nearest approach to the virtues and endowments of civilised life. From recent accounts, there is reason to hope, that, in no long time, a considerable portion of this tribe will be familiarised with all civilised usages.

The next most promising race are the Negroes. It is remarkable of the Ethiopian variety, that it occasionally produces great men. Toussaint L'Ouverture was a Negro, who, in sense and true goodness, might have shamed many of the contemporary leading men of Europe. Lott Carey and Thomas Jenkins are specimens of very respectable character produced by the Negro races. Now, though the general mental character of the Negro may be much inferior to the general mental character of the Caucasian, its occasional manifestation, in a more exalted form, affords grounds of hope, that, if the laws of the transmission of hereditary qualities were better understood, an improvement of the Negro character upon a great scale might with little difficulty be effected. Even now, the Negroes, both in their native country and in places where they exist as slaves or as freedmen, display intellectual and moral characteristics of considerable promise. In Guinea and other parts of Africa, they exhibit ingenuity in the manufacture of cloth. In the West Indies, they show a perfect capability of acquiring the more delicate manual arts, such as watch-making, and are employed in great numbers as carpenters. When we proceed to the United States of America, where many of them have existed for several generations as free citizens, in the midst of white people, they exhibit a still higher development of intellectual character, some acting as ministers of religion,

Some curious facts have been ascertained with regard to the permanence of the external aspects of nations. In the picture of the Last Supper, painted three hundred years ago by Leonardo da Vinci, there are some faces which might be portraits of living Jews, so expressly do they convey the general features of the Hebrew face. Dr Edwards, in his work on the Physiological Characters of the Races of Mankind, relates that he visited the Florentine Gallery, and carefully inspected some busts of the Roman emperors. He found the face square, the brow short and broad, the nose aquiline, and the coronal region of the head somewhat flat. As he advanced towards Rome, he and his companions were struck with the resemblance which the faces of the peasantry began to bear to those busts, till, on arriving in the city itself, he found that peculiar union of features to characterise all classes of society. In some paintings found by Belzoni in the tomb of an Egyptian monarch, and probably between two and three thousand years old, a number of Jews were seen in procession, and their faces bore the most exact resemblance to the existing Hebrew countenance.

But, permanent as the external form may be in its principal features, it is indubitable that no race whatever has been doomed to perpetual degradation. In all human beings the same nature has been implanted, in however different degrees; and no man, whatever be his colour or form or country, is so low in the intellectual and moral scale, as to be entirely deficient of any one of the properties which constitute the most splendid talent and virtue. Let means be taken for cultivating the intellectual faculties of savage tribes, and putting their animal propensities under the control of their moral sentiments; the intellectual faculties may at first be small, the moral sentiments weak, and the animal impulses powerful; but every exercise of those which are good will make them better, while the bad, by being controlled, will gradually become more controllable. It is evident that the Deity has designed man to be to a great extent his own creator, furnishing only the elements from which, by an active exercise of what he has, he may work out higher gifts. And though the progress he makes may be so slow, that, like some of the great astronomical movements, it cannot be detected by any single generation, it is not the less sure. As explained in a late paper, human improvement becomes always more and more rapid in its course, for every new generation starts at the point which the preceding one attained. Taking these views into consideration, we see little reason to despair that ultimately civilisation will be universal, and all the various tribes of the earth enabled to join harmoniously in the exercise of those sentiments which even upon earth furnish a species of heaven.

THE LOST JAGER—A SWISS STORY.*

"I AM for the chamois hunting this morning, Netty," said young Fritz of the Back Alp, as he swaggered over the threshold of her grandmother's cottage: that is, he did not exactly swagger, but he stepped in with an air, such as became the handsomest youth, and the stoutest wrestler, and the best shot, in Grindewald, and who knew withal that he was beloved, deeply and dearly, by the prettiest fraulein of the valley. And pretty she was—a dear little bashful drooping mountain daisy, with such hair—not black—not exactly black—but with a glossy golden brightness threading through it, like—what shall I liken it to?—like midnight braided with a sunbeam. She was Fritz's Liebchen, and Fritz was a passable judge of female beauty, and himself the Adonis of Grindewald.

"I am for the chamois hunting this morning," said Fritz, as he flung his arm round the blushing maiden. "Old Clausen marked some half dozen of them up by the Rosenlani Gletscher yesterday; and I think we shall pull down some of the gallants, before we have done with them. He promised to meet me at the chalet at eleven; and by the shadow of the Eiger, it must be close upon the hour: so come with me, luck, and by to-morrow evening at furthest, we shall be back with a couple of noble gemen. Down, foolish fellow!—down, Blitz!" he said to his dog, that was yelping around him, in anticipation of the sport. "Why, he is as fond of chamois hunting as his master. Look at him, Netty."

But Netty did not look. Fritz knew well enough that she dreaded, on his account, even to terror, the perils of chamois hunting; but he was devoted to it, with an enthusiasm which is so common to those who practise that dreadful diversion. Netty started when he mentioned the chamois hunting, and bowed her head to his breast—perhaps to hide a tear—perhaps to examine the buckle of his belt, in which, at that moment, she seemed to find something particularly interesting. Fritz talked on laughingly, as he thought the best way to dispel her fears was not to notice them at all; so he talked, as I said, until he had no apology for talking any more; and then he paused. "Fritz! my dear Fritz!" said she, without looking up, and her fingers trembled in the buckle which she was still examining. "My dear Fritz!"—and then she paused too. "Why, my dear Netty," said he, answering her implied expostulation, "I wouldn't like to disappoint old Hans. After Wednesday, you know"—and he kissed her cheek, which glowed even deeper than before. "After Wednesday, I promised never

to hunt chamois again; but I must go, once—just once—to drink a farewell to the Monck and the Aarhorn, to their own grim faces—and then—why, I'll make cheese, and cut wood, and be a very earth-clod of the valley, like our good neighbour Jacob Biedermann, who trembles when he hears an avalanche, and cannot leap over an ice-cleft without shuddering. But once—just once—come with me, luck, this time, and, for the future, the darlings may come and browse in the Wergisthal for me."

"I did not say I wished you not to go, Fritz." "No, but you looked it, love; and I would not see a tear in those bright eyes for all the gemen between this and the Orteles; but you know, my dear, there is really no danger; and if I could persuade you to give me your hearty consent and your good wishes!"

"I'll try, Fritz." "What! with that sigh, and that doleful look? No, no, Netty; I will send an apology to old Hans. Here, Blitz," as he put a small hunting-horn in the dog's mouth, and pointed up the hills; "off, boy! to the Adelboden. And now, have you any thing to employ my clumsy fingers, or shall we take a trip as far as Bohren's chalet, to see if the cream and cheese of my little old rival are as good as their wont? I shall go and saddle old Kaiser, shall I? he has not been out these two days." Fritz, peasant as he was, knew something of the practical philosophy of a woman's heart, and had a good idea of the possibility of pursuing his own plan, by an opportune concession to hers. On this occasion he succeeded completely.

"Nay, nay," said the maiden, with unaffected good will, "you really must not disappoint Hans; he would never forgive me. So come," said she, as she unbuckled the wallet which hung over his right shoulder, "let me see what you have here. But"—and she looked tearfully and earnestly in his face—"you will be back to-morrow evening, will you indeed?" "By to-morrow evening, love—Hans, gemen, and all. My wallet is pretty well stocked, you see; but I am going to beg a little of that delicious oberhasli kirchwasser, to fill my flüschchen."

I need not relate how Fritz had his flask filled with the said kirchwasser, or how his stock of eatables was increased by some delicious cheese, made by the pretty hands of Netty herself, or how sundry other little trifles were added to his portable commissariat, or how he paid for them all in ready kisses, or how Netty sat at the window and watched him with tearful eyes, as he strode up the hill towards the Scheidegg.

At the chalet he found that Hans had started alone, and proceeded towards the Wetterhorn. He drew his belt tighter, and began to ascend the steep and craggy path, which wound round the base of the ice-heaped mass, along the face of which, half way to the summit, the clouds were lazily creeping. It was a still, sunny day, and he gradually ascended far enough to get a view over the splendid glacier of Rosenlani, its clear ice here and there streaked with a line of bright crystal blue, that marked the edge of an ice-ref. Hans was not to be seen. All was still, except now and then the shrill piping of the marmot, or the reverberated roar of the summer lavanges, in the remote and snowy wilds above him. He had just reached the edge of the glacier, and was clambering over the debris, which a long succession of ages had carried down from the rocky peaks above, when the strange whistling sound emitted by the chamois caught his ear. On they dashed, a herd of nine, right across the glacier—bounding like winged things over the fathomless reefs, with a foot as firm and confident as if it trod on the greensward. Fritz muttered a growl of disappointment between his teeth, when the unerring measurement of his practised eye told him they were out of shot; and dropping down between the huge blocks of stone among which he stood, so as to be out of sight of the game, he watched their course, and calculated his chance of reaching them. They crossed the glacier—sprung up the rocky barrier on the opposite side, leaping from crag to crag, and finding footing where an eagle scarce could perch, until they disappeared at the summit. A moment's calculation with regard to their probable course, and Fritz was in pursuit. He crossed the glacier farther down, and chose a route by which he knew, from experience, he would be most likely, without being perceived by the chamois, to reach the spot where he expected to meet with them. At some parts it consisted but of a narrow ledge, slippery with frozen snow, on which even his spiked mountain-shoes could scarcely procure him footing. Sometimes the path was interrupted, and the only means of reaching its continuation was by trusting himself to the support of some little projection in the smooth rock, where the flakes, which last winter's frost had carried away, broke off abruptly. Sometimes the twisted and gnarled roots of a stunted pine, which had wrought into the clefts, and seemed to draw their nourishment from the rock itself, offered him their support. He did not look back; he thought not of danger—perhaps not even of Netty—but merely casting an occasional glance to the sky, to calculate the chances of a clear evening, resumed his perilous journey.

Many hours had elapsed in the ascent, for he was obliged to make a long circuit, and the sun was getting low in the west when he arrived at the summit. His heart throbbed audibly as he approached the spot where he expected to get a view. All was in his favour. He was to leeward—the almost unceasing thunder of the avalanches drowned any slight noise which the chamois might otherwise have heard—and

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a little ridge of drifted snow on the edge of the rock behind which he stood, gave him an opportunity of reconnoitring. Cautiously he made an aperture through the drift—there they were, and he could distinguish the bend of their horns—they were within reach of his rifle. They were, however, evidently alarmed, and huddled together on the edge of the opposite precipice, snuffed the air, and gazed about anxiously, to see from what quarter they were menaced. There was no time to lose—he fired, and the victim he had selected, giving a convulsive spring, fell over the cliff, while its terrified companions, dashing past, fled to greater heights and retreats still more inaccessible.

The triumph of a conqueror for a battle won, cannot be superior to that of an Alpine huntsman for a chamois shot. The perils run, the exertions undergone, the many anxious hours which must elapse before he can have an opportunity even of trying his skill as a marksman—all contribute to enhance the intense delight of that moment when these perils and exertions are repaid. Fritz leaped from his lurking-place, and ran to the edge over which the animal had fallen. There it was, sure enough; but how it was to be recovered, presented a question of no little difficulty. In the front of the precipice, which was almost as steep and regular as a wall, a ledge projected at a considerable distance from the summit, and on this lay the chamois, crushed by the fall. To descend without assistance was impossible, but there was a chalet within a couple of hours' walk, at the foot of the Gault Gletscher. The evening was fine, there was every promise of a brilliant moonlight night, and Fritz was too good a huntsman to fear being benighted, even with the snow for his bed, and the falling avalanche for his lullaby.

Gaily, therefore, he slung his carbine, paid his respects to the contents of his wallet, not forgetting the oberhasli kirchwasser, and as he made the solitude around him ring with the whooping chorus of the kuhlied, commenced his descent towards the chalet.

On his arrival he found it empty. The inmates had probably descended to the lower valley, laden with the products of their dairy, and had not yet returned. He seized, however, as a treasure, on a piece of rope which he found thrown over a stake in the end of the house appropriated to the cattle, and praying his stars that it might be long enough to reach the resting-place of the chamois, he once more turned his face towards the mountains.

It was deep night when he reached the spot where the chamois lay. The ledge on which it had fallen ran a considerable way along the face of the cliff, and by descending at a point at some distance from that perpendicularly above it, where a piece of crag, projecting upwards, seemed to afford him the means of fastening securely his frail ladder, he hoped to be able to find his way along to the desired spot. Hastily casting a few knots on the rope, to assist him in his ascent, he committed himself to its support. He had arrived within a foot of the rocky platform, when the piece of crag to which the rope had been attached, slipped from the base in which it seemed so firmly rooted, struck in its fall the edge of his resting-place, sprung out into vacancy, and went booming downwards to the abyss below.

Fritz was almost thrown over the edge of the precipice by the fall, but fortunately let go the rope, and almost without at all changing the position in which he fell, could trace the progress of the mass as it went whirling from rock to rock, striking fire wherever it touched in its passage, until it crashed amid the pine-trees. With lips apart, and eyes starting from their sockets, while his fingers clutched the sharp edges of the rock until they were wet with blood, he listened in the intense agony of terror to the sounds which, after a long interval, rose like the voice of death from the darkness and solitude below. Again all was silent—still he listened—he stirred not, moved not, he scarcely breathed—he felt that kind of trance which falls on the spirit under the stroke of some unexpected calamity, of a magnitude which the imagination cannot grasp. The evil stalks before our glassy eyes, dim, and misty, and shapeless, yet terrible—terrible! He had just escaped one danger, but that escape, in the alternative before him, scarcely seemed a blessing. Death! and to die thus! and to die now! by the slow graduated torture of thirst and starvation, almost within sight of the cottage of his destined bride. Thoughts like these passed hurriedly and convulsively through his mind, and he lay in the sick apathy of despair, when we feel as if the movement of a limb would be recalling the numbed sense of pain, and adding acuteness to its pangs. At length, with a violent effort, he sprang upon his feet. He ran along the ledge, leaping many an intervening chasm, from which even he would at another moment have shrunk. His hurried and oppressed breathing approached almost to a scream, as he sought in vain for a projection in the smooth rock, by which, at whatever risk, he might reach the summit. Alas! there was none. He stood where but the vulture and the eagle had ever been, and from which none but they could escape. He was now at the very extremity of his narrow resting-place, and there was nothing before him but the empty air. How incredulous we are when utter hopelessness is the alternative! Once more he returned—once more he examined every spot which presented the slightest trace of a practicable passage—once more in vain. He threw himself on the rock, his heart seemed ready to burst. He had no hope—but he felt not despair. He

sat and gazed over pine forest and grey crag, and the frozen and broken billows of the glaciers, and the snows of the Wetterhorn, with their unbroken wilderness of pure white, glistening in the moonlight, and far, far beneath him, the little dusky cloudlets dreaming across the valley, and he could trace in the misty horizon the dim outline of the Faulhorn, and he knew that at its base, was one heart that beat for him as woman's heart alone can beat, and yet he was resigned.

The moon neared to her setting; but just before she went down, a black scroll of cloud stretched across her disc. It rose higher and higher, and became darker and darker, until one-half of the little stars which were coming forth in their brightness, rejoicing in the absence of her by whose splendour they were eclipsed, were wrapped as in a pall; and there came through the stillness and darkness a dim and mingled sound, the whisper of the coming hurricane. On it came, nearer and nearer, and louder and louder, and the pines swayed, and creaked, and crashed, as it took them by the tops; and now and then there passed a flash over the whole sky, until the very air seemed on flame, and laid open for one twinkling the rugged scene, so fitting for the theatre of the tempest's desolation; and then the darkness was so thick and palpable, that to him who sat there, thus alone with the storm, it seemed as if there were no world, and as if the universe were given up to the whirlwind and to him. And then the snow came down, small and sharp, and it became denser and denser, and the flakes seemed larger and larger, until the wings of the tempest were heavy with them; and as the broken currents met and jostled, they whirled, and eddied, and shot up into the dark heavens, in thick and stifling masses. Scarce able to breathe, numbed with cold, exhausted with fatigue, and weak from the mental agony he had undergone, Fritz was hardly able to keep his hold of a projecting edge of rock to which he had clung, when, waiting to gather strength, the gust came down with a violence which even the Alpine eagle could not resist, for one which had been carried from its perch swept by in the darkness, blindly struggling and screaming in the storm.

What a small portion of the poetry which the heart has felt has ever been recorded! How many wordless thoughts—how many unuttered emotions, such as shine like stars over the pages of the happy few whose lips have been unsealed, rise in the soul of the peasant hind, and are known, and enjoyed, and pass away into the nothingness of forgotten feelings! Full, deep, and strong, flows onward, silently and perpetually, the stream of sympathy; and here and there by the river side one dips in his little pitcher, and preserves a tiny portion; while all the rest, undistinguished, passes on to the sea of wide eternity. Through the mind of the Alpine peasant, in such a night, with a hopeless sentence passed upon him, what a world of feelings must have strayed, to which he could give but lisping and broken utterance. He prayed—with an artless and fervent eloquence, he committed himself and his spirit to the hands of his God, to whose presence he seemed more nearly to approach in his isolation from the world. He prayed, in words such as his tongue had never before uttered, and with feelings such as, till that period, his heart had never known.

During that night there was no little bustle in Grindewald. Poor, poor Netty! The storm had come down with a sudden violence, which completely baffled the skill of the most sagacious storm-seers in the valley; and even Herr Krüger himself—even Herr Krüger, Old Long Shot, as they used to call him—had been taken by surprise. He was sitting opposite me, with the full red light of the wood fire in the kitchen of mine host of the Three Kings beaming on his wrinkled brow, and thin grey locks, which were twisted and staring in every imaginable direction, as if they had got a set in a whirlwind. As the low moaning which preceded the storm caught his ear, he drew in the fragrance of the bright Turkish with which I had just replenished his pipe; and, as he emitted the fumes in a slow cautious stream, turned inquisitively towards the range of casements which ran along one side of the neat wainscoted apartment. He was apparently satisfied, and turned again to the fire. But the growl of the thunder the instant after came down the valley, and disembarassing himself of his mouthful with a haste which almost choked him, walked hastily to the window. One glance seemed enough. He closed the shutters, and returning slowly to his seat, muttered, as he habitually replaced his meerschaum, or long pipe, in his mouth, "Sad night this for the jagers!"

"A rough evening, Herr Krüger," said Hans, who at this moment entered the room, and clapped his carbine in the corner. He had evidently dipped deep in the kirchwasser. "What, Hans! is that you? I was afraid you were going to pass the night up yonder—and young Fritz? you and he were to have been at the jagd together?" "True, so we were; but Fritz called to bid good bye to pretty Netty—and—so—old Hans had to go alone." "And feeling lonely among the hills, had the good luck to come back to Grindewald, instead of sleeping till doomsday in a dainty white snow-wreath. There are no others out?" "None;" and he filled the glass which stood next him from the bottle at my elbow. "So here's your health, Herr Krüger, and to you, Herr B—, good health, and good luck; and a good wife, when you get one." I was just putting my

German in order, for the purpose, in after-dinner phrase, of "returning thanks," when our hostess, looking in at the door, said, in a voice of the greatest earnestness, "A word, Hans." Hans was just in the middle of his goblet when he was thus interrupted. He merely rolled his eyes in the direction of the speaker, with an expression which indicated, "I'll be there immediately."

Once more the door opened, and—not our hostess, but Netty herself, entered the room. It seemed to be with difficulty that she crossed the floor. Her face was pale, and her long Bernese tresses were wet with the rain. She curtsied to me as she rose, and would almost have fallen, had she not rested one hand on the table, while the other passed with an irregular and quivering motion over her pale brow and throbbing temples. Hans had become perfectly quiet the instant of her entrance, and stood with an air of the most dogged and determined sobriety, though the tremulous manner in which the fingers of his left hand played among the skirts of his hunting-jacket, bespoke a slight want of confidence in his own steadiness. Poor Netty! She had just strength to whisper, "Where is Fritz, Hans?" and, unable to wait his answer, sunk feebly on the bench, and covered her eyes with her trembling fingers.

With the first dawn of morning, half-a-dozen of the stoutest huntsmen, under the guidance of Hans, started for the Rosenlain. They had made every provision for overcoming the difficulties they expected to meet with in their search. One of them had, from the cliffs of the Eiger, seen Fritz cross the glacier the day before, and commence the ascent which was previously described; a path well known to the hunters, but so perilous, as to be only practicable to those of the steadiest nerves, quickest eye, and most unerring step. Their shoes were furnished with cramps, a light ladder formed part of their equipage, and several short coils of ropes slung over the right shoulder, and so made that they could be easily connected together, were carried by the party. They had the blessings and good wishes of all Grindewald at their departure: I accompanied them to the edge of the Rosenlain, and watched the progress of their journey over its frozen waves. Slowly they ascended the giddy path; sometimes gathering into a little cluster of black atoms on the face of the cliffs, sometimes scattered from ledge to ledge. Then, when obliged partially to descend, an individual of the party was slung by a rope from the upper platform, for the purpose of fixing the ladders and securing a safe passage to the rest. "Well! which way shall we turn now?" said young round-faced, light-haired, ruddy-cheeked, rattle-pated Gottfried Basler; "which way are we to turn now, Hans? I am afraid, after all, we have come out on a fool's errand. There have been wreaths thrown up here last night big enough to bury Grindewald steeple; and if poor Fritz be really lost in them, we may look till Mont Blanc melts before we find him. It is, to be sure, a satisfaction to do all we can, though, heaven help us, I am afraid there is little use in it."

Hans, poor fellow, was nearly of the same opinion, but it was too much to have the fact thus uncompromisingly stated. His companions followed without uttering a word.

Basler again broke silence. "What a monster!" he exclaimed, and his carbine was cocked in a twinkling. Far below them, a huge lammer-geyer was sailing along the face of the cliff. He seemed not to perceive the group, to whom, notwithstanding the mournful search in which they were engaged, his appearance was so interesting, but came slowly dreaming on, merely giving now and then a single heavy flap with his huge sail-like wings, and then floating forward as before.

"Stay, Basler," whispered Hans, as he himself cocked his carbine, "there is no use throwing away your bullet. He will probably pass just below us, and then you may have a chance. Steady yet a little. How odd he does not notice us! Nearer, and nearer; be ready, Basler. Now—fire!" Crack! crack! crack! went carbine after carbine, as the wounded bird fell tumbling and screaming into the ravine, while its mate sprung out from the face of the rock on which the slayers were standing, and swept backwards and forwards, as if to brave their shot, uttering absolute yells of rage. Basler's skill, however, or his good fortune, reigned supreme, and, though several of his companions fired from a much more advantageous distance, their bullets, unlike his, whizzed on and spent themselves in the empty air. The object of the practice still swept unhurt across their range, until his fury was somewhat exhausted, and then dropped down towards the dark pine-trees, to seek for his unfortunate companion.

"A nest, I dare say," said Hans, as he threw himself on his face, and stretched his neck over the cliff. "Ha! a chamois they have managed to throw down—the kerls! You spoiled their feast, Basler. But—is it possible! Gottfried—Heinrich—look there!—it is Fritz!" And he leaped up, screaming like a madman, nearly pushed Gottfried over the precipice to convince him of the reality of the discovery, and then, nearly did the same to Carl, and Franz, and Jacob, and Heinrich.

"I am afraid he is dead," said Basler. Hans again threw himself on his face, and gazed gaspingly down. Fritz did not move. Hans gazed, and gazed, but his eyes filled with tears, and he could see no more. "Here, Jacob," said he, as he once more sprang up,

and hastily began looping together the ropes which his companions carried. "Here, Jacob, place your feet against the rock there. Now, Gottfried, behind Jacob: Heinrich—Carl—now, steady, all of you—or, stay, Carl, you had better descend after me, and bring your flask along with you."

In a few seconds, Carl and he stood beside their friend. They raised him up. A little liquor was administered to him—they used every measure which their mountain-skill suggested to waken him from his trance, which was rapidly darkening down into the sleep of death. The sun, which now began to beat strongly on the dark rocks where they stood, assisted their efforts. They succeeded—his life was saved.

That evening, Fritz sat on one side of the fire in the cottage of Netty's grandmother, while the good old dame herself plied her knitting in her usual diligent silence on the other. He was pale, and leant back on the pillows by which he was supported, in the languid apathy of exhaustion. Netty sat at his knee, on a low oaken stool, with his hand pressed against her cheek, and many and many a tear, such as overflow from the heart in the fulness of its joy, trickled over his fingers.

"Now, Fritz," said she, looking earnestly up in his face, "you will never—never, go to the gemsjagd again." "Never—never!" echoed Fritz, who was soon after united to his beloved Netty.

THE MEDICAL POWER OF NATURE.

WHEN a man accidentally cuts his finger, or otherwise receives a similar wound in a non-vital part of his body, he does not generally regard it as a matter of serious consequence. He knows that, with a little care, it will heal, and that in a great measure by a power apparently residing in nature herself. This feature of the animal economy is so familiar to us, as to excite little notice; yet it is one of the most wonderful and beneficial of all those arrangements which have been made by a bounteous Creator for our welfare. Without it, the human frame would have been continually liable to destruction; the most insignificant injury would have led to speedy dissolution. A property of such exceeding value is not impressed feebly in the constitution of the person, but is associated with the principle of life itself, and is therefore developed with lesser or greater force through all the stages of existence, and according to the healthfulness of the individual. The property of healing ought to be described as an ever-acting principle in the system—a principle operating to compensate the regular decay of parts, and acting with increased vigour upon emergencies when any injury is sustained. In this latter respect, the healing principle is like a sentinel which is placed on guard over the functions of the body. No sooner does the object of its charge receive damage from an attack, than it flies to the injured part, and sets immediately about effecting a cure. The means which it adopts not only to cure but to prevent injuries to the person, and expel maladies from the system, may almost be described as something instinct with human reason. Take, for instance, its operations upon a wound or cut. If not prevented by some foul or foreign body, placed or remaining in the wound, it commences by a slight inflammation of both sides of the cut; during the progress of this inflammation, a thin liquid substance, of a glutinous nature, exudes, to form a species of cement. At first the liquid is inorganic, but it in time assumes an organised character, with exceedingly minute blood-vessels interwoven throughout, and communicating with the surrounding vessels. In this manner it gradually puts on the appearance of cellular tissue, and at last, when skinned over, cannot be distinguished from the surrounding parts, unless by the scar which remains. When nature is disappointed in effecting a cure in this ready manner, or, as it is called, by the *first intention*, in consequence of the presence of some foreign body in the wound, it goes on more slowly, and on a different plan. It commences by suppurating, or festering, in order to expel the offensive substance; and this being effected, it proceeds to throw up small granulations or protuberances of a fleshy substance, till by this means—by this growing of matter—the wound is filled up, and healing accomplished. This is called healing by the *second intention*.

Nature is equally ready to act in the case of broken bones. No sooner is the bone broken than the healing principle sets to work to mend it. The chief object to be attained in this case is the repose and close union of the parts. Surgeons therefore begin by binding up the broken limb in such a way as to prevent any kind of movement or shifting. Nature is all the time facilitating the same object. It throws out a liquid around the break in the bone, which turns into a cartilaginous substance, and acts the character of a bandage to support the junction. The adhesion of the parts takes place gradually, by the formation of a bony matter, and thus the soundness of the limb is restored. Should the two broken ends of the bone happen not to be placed in juxtaposition, so as to produce adhesion, even in such untoward circumstances nature is not inclined to be baffled. The fractured parts make an

effort to push forth a bony connection between the two, and establish a union, at the expense, however, of distortion of the limb. We were lately shown a beautiful instance of this violent effort of nature, in the case of a bone taken from the wing of a duck. The poor animal had suffered a fracture in the bone by some accident, and not having had the benefit of surgical attendance, the injured parts had hung apart from each other; kind Nature, however, having taken the case into her own hand, had formed a junction of bony matter, so as to completely repair the injury, though certainly not in a very elegant manner.

The vigilance of nature in caring for the comfort of the patient is particularly observable in the case of those who are under the painful necessity of parting with their limbs. The total disjunction of a limb, by sawing through the bone, is a calamity which nature has foreseen may occur, and provision has accordingly been made for its melioration. The bone, after amputation, presents a flat terminating stump, the edge of which is sharp, and calculated to irritate the flesh or muscle drawn over it for protection. It is clear that, in such circumstances, the wound would either never heal, or that the sharp-edged flat stump, in pressing on the muscle, would prevent any use being made of the amputated limb. But even how nicely nature manages this difficulty. Let us suppose it is a leg which is cut off. As soon as the amputation is effected, nature pushes forth a liquid matter, covering the point of the stump; and this gradually increasing in bulk and firmness, at length becomes solid, and rounds off the bone like a ball; wherefore the pressure upon the muscle neither creates an irritation, nor gives pain to the patient. The rounding-off of the stumps of amputated bones, by a creation of fresh bony matter, is indeed one of the most admirable of nature's arrangements for preserving animal life.

The intelligence of the healing principle in nature—if such a term may be used—is perhaps still more surprising in cases of internal inflammations, and abscesses, or gatherings of purulent matter. It is a remarkable truth in our physical economy, that nature acts upon the principle of expelling disease from the interior to the external surface of the body. Internal inflammation seems to be repugnant to nature, and there is an unceasing effort to eject it. Small-pox, measles, and other similar diseases, are only the external symptoms of bodily inflammations in the course of expulsion. Dr Mackintosh of Edinburgh, whose work on Pathology and Practice of Medicine is well known in the medical world, states, "that every instance of cutaneous affection, whether attended by fever or not, depends on derangement of the functions of some internal organ—sometimes of the brain, or stomach and bowels, at others of the liver, or mucous membrane of the lungs," &c. He considers all the eruptions, even erysipelas, in the light of natural blisters, established by powers inherent in the constitution, which enable it to translate disease from the internal organs to the skin; and he has no doubt that the frequent observance of these circumstances first led the ancients to blister and make extensive external sores, by means of the application of red-hot iron, in cases of dangerous internal diseases. The eruptions which take place on children in cases of teething and other complaints, such as sores behind the ears, and so forth, are just so many demonstrations of the desire which animates nature to bring disease to the surface, and, as such, ought to be very cautiously dealt with. The effort to expel is not less energetic in the case of local inflammations. A portion of the viscera, not connected with the outer frame of the body, receives an injury or becomes diseased; it inflames, and there is a danger of the inflammation leading to morbid symptoms and death. Nature, however, making a bold push, endeavours to create a connection betwixt the inflamed part and the framework of the body;—and this it sometimes actually effects. A junction takes place, and thus a channel is formed for the expulsion of the disease. When it shows itself outside, it is easily dealt with. Inflammations of the liver have been known to be carried off in this manner. When the inflammation takes place in a part having already a tolerably direct connection with the surface, the difficulty of expulsion is of course not so great, and the cure is more certain. Natural abscesses, or accumulations of matter, may likewise be considered the result of efforts to expel disease from some internal part of the system, and it is fortunate for the patient, in such cases, that the constitution possesses strength to cast forth the maldity.

In speaking of abscesses, we are put in remembrance of a provision in nature particularly worthy of notice. When the foul matter which is to compose the material of the abscess begins to form, choosing a certain situation for that purpose betwixt the skin and the muscle, nature is on the watch to prevent the possibility of the purulent matter insinuating itself extensively among the adjacent cellular tissue, and thereby doing irreparable mischief. To avert this contingency, it sends out beforehand a thin glutinous liquid, which forms a sack or bag, into which the matter of the abscess is secreted. This thin membranous sack remains in use as long as the abscess exists; but no sooner is the matter evacuated, and nature has effected her purpose in establishing the drain, than it begins to discharge a watery fluid, and the sides of the sack finally come to adhere. Occasionally, when the abscess has been deep or long seated, nature has a difficulty in freeing itself in this manner; a sinus

or cavity remains, secreting a thin serous humour, which may be pressed daily from the orifice; and this dull tedious process of secretion sometimes continues such a length of time that art is required to step in to relieve the patient—the surgeon ripping up the surface with his appropriate instrument, and exposing the whole of the interior of the sack, by which granulation and healing, by the second intention, are allowed to restore soundness and healthiness to the parts.

A physician once mentioned to us a striking instance of the wonderful efforts which nature makes to preserve life, or, as it may be called, the continued action of the animal mechanism. It was a case of complaint in the bowels, wherein one intestine was projected or drawn so completely into another, that there was an effectual stoppage of all communication. The agonising death which ere long would have ensued to the patient, was fortunately averted by an extraordinary natural provision. The intestine above the point of obstruction formed a junction with that placed below it, and, by means of inflammation and ulceration, an opening was formed from the one into the other, through which artificial channel the ordinary motion in the bowels was carried on. Here, then, was performed by nature one of the most astonishing feats of skill, with the beneficent intention of saving life. It is impossible to reflect on such a demonstration of presiding intelligence in the eternal and bountiful provisions of nature, without bowing in grateful adoration to the great Architect of the universe, by whom we have been so fearfully and wonderfully made.

Admirable as those provisions in nature are which we have been contemplating, it ought not to pass unnoticed, that we have no right to expect the performance of such kind operations in our systems, unless we afford nature a fair field for exertion. The more sound that our constitutions are, from exercise and temperance, the more shall we be benefited by the natural principle of healing; and if, by our own folly or intemperance, or by the folly or intemperance of our progenitors, we be afflicted by constitutional weakness, we must not, in such a case, be surprised to find that outraged nature is unable to lend a helping hand in the hour of need, and allows us to sink, the victims of moral delinquency, into a premature grave. Thus it is, that we see the sins of the fathers visited on the children; thus it is, that our "pleasant voices" make whips to scourge us; thus it is, that so many in the bloom of manhood, so many unhappy recipients of nature's bounties—notwithstanding all the skill of the physician—vanish from the world, and die lamented long before their time.

ENGLISH GLEES.

AN instructive and entertaining volume has just appeared, under the title of "Musical History, Biography, and Criticism, being a general survey of music from the earliest period to the present time—by George Hogarth." The author's object, he says, has been to give that information respecting the progress of music, the personal history of the most eminent musicians, and the present state of the art in this and other countries, which is now looked upon as indispensable to every person of liberal attainments. In following out this idea, he presents us with a large body of most interesting matter.

The following sketch of the history and character of our principal glee composers, will no doubt be perused with interest:—"The glee may be considered as peculiar to England. Other countries may afford scattered specimens of this description of music, but it is in this country only that it has engaged the attention of the most distinguished composers. Almost every English musician of eminence has written glees; and men of great genius have devoted themselves exclusively to their production. Hence we are in possession of a body of vocal harmony, which furnishes one of the most elegant and refined of our social recreations.

The word glee, as indicating a particular form of musical composition, appears to have been first used in a work published by Playford, in 1667, consisting of 'Dialogues, Glees, Ayres, and Ballads, of two, three, and four voices.' Burney defines a glee, in its original sense, to be 'a song of three or more parts, upon a gay or merry subject, in which all the voices begin and end together, singing the same words:' and he adds, 'When subjects of fugue or imitation occur, and the composition is more artificial than simple counterpoint, it less resembles a glee than a madrigal, which it might with more propriety be called, if the words are serious; for a serious glee seems a solecism, and a direct contradiction in terms: the word glee, in Saxon, German, and English dictionaries, ancient and modern, implying mirth, merriment, and, in old authors, music itself.' This definition of the glee, in its oldest form, seems correct, and establishes the distinction between the cheerful glee and the catch. Both were songs in three or more parts, upon gay subjects; but, in the one, the voices began and ended together, while, in the other, they took up their parts in succession. But Burney overlooks the true distinction between the serious glee and the madrigal. The madrigal

was intended to be sung by the whole of a convivial party, or as many as could make any use of the music-books, which were handed round the table; and this, which Morley describes as the original mode of performing madrigals, has been continued to the present time by the Madrigal Society. When pieces were composed, in order to be sung by two, three, or four persons, for the entertainment of the rest of the company, they were called dialogues, catches, and glees, or two, three, or four part songs. This species of vocal harmony of a single voice to each part, at first chiefly confined to subjects of a lively character, and of a simpler construction and more rhythmical melody than the madrigals, was found by degrees to be adapted to a greater range of subjects, and capable of more elaborate treatment; and hence the apparent anomaly of the serious glee. Glee, as a musical term, means a piece for three, four, or five single voices, unaccompanied by any instrument, without reference to the subject of the words. As this species of composition was more and more cultivated, the subjects became more various; and we have glees of a pathetic, grand, and (as in the case of Webbe's unrivalled 'When winds breathe soft') even devotional character.

About the middle, and in the latter part of, the last century, there were a number of glee composers, whose names are preserved by their beautiful and still popular compositions. Among these were Atterbury, the author of the charming round, 'Sweet enslaver,' and the glee, 'Lay that sullen garland by thee;' Baildon, author of 'When gay Bacchus,' and 'Adieu to the village delights;' Danby, author of 'When Sappho tun'd,' and 'Awake, Æolian lyre;' Paxton, author of 'Go, Damon, go,' 'How sweet, how fresh,' and 'Breathe soft, ye winds;' and Spofforth, author of 'Hail, smiling morn,' 'Where are those hours,' and 'Lightly o'er the village green.' To the same period belong the compositions of Dr Harrington, of Bath, among which the simple and elegant round, 'How great is the pleasure,' the humorous catch, 'Old Thomas Day,' and the charming duet, 'Sweet doth blush the rosy morning,' have always enjoyed the greatest popularity. Dr Benjamin Cooke, too, the eminent and amiable organist of Westminster Abbey, will be long remembered by his beautiful glees, 'Hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings,' and 'How sleep the brave.'

The Earl of Mornington, the father of the Duke of Wellington, is the author of several of our most beautiful glees. He was born in 1720, and was remarkable, when a child, for his musical precocity. Among Lord Mornington's compositions, the most popular are the glees, 'Here in cool grove,' 'Gently hear me, charming maid,' 'Hail, hallowed fane,' and 'Come, fairest nymph.' His catch, 'Twas you, sir,' is very lively and amusing.

Samuel Webbe, the greatest of our glee composers, was remarkable for his ardour in the pursuit of general knowledge, and his great attainments as a linguist. He was born in 1740. In 1794 he was appointed secretary to the Noblemen and Gentlemen's Catch-Club, which situation he held till his death, in 1817. He is the author of above a hundred glees and part-songs, a great number of which are of the highest excellence. His 'When winds breathe soft' is a musical picture full of beauty, and of grandeur approaching the sublime. Among his other productions, 'Hence all ye vain delights,' 'The mighty conqueror of hearts,' 'Discord, dire sister,' 'Glorious Apollo,' 'If love and all the world,' 'Thy voice, O harmony,' 'Come, live with me,' 'Swiftly o'er the mountain's brow,' and the 'Ode on St Cecilia,' may be considered the greatest, though there are many others hardly, if at all, inferior.

Dr Callcott exceeds Mr Webbe in the number, and approaches him in the quality, of his glees. He was born in 1766, and commenced his musical career at the age of eighteen, when he appeared as a candidate for the prize given by the Catch-Club. In 1786, he was admitted an honorary member of that club; on which occasion he sent in, as a candidate for prizes, nearly a hundred compositions; a proceeding which produced the natural consequence of a resolution by the club limiting the number of compositions from any one candidate, to twelve. Callcott was rather unreasonably offended at this, and declined, for a time, to write for the club; but he afterwards sent in twelve pieces, the full number allowed, and gained all the prizes of the year—a circumstance unprecedented in the history of the club. From that time till 1793, when the Catch-Club ceased to give prizes, he continued regularly to send in compositions to the club, and gained a great number of medals. In 1787, he joined Dr Arnold and a number of gentlemen, both professional and amateurs, in founding the Glee-Club, which held its first meeting at the Newcastle coffee-house on the 22d of December of that year.

In 1800 he obtained the degree of doctor of music, at Oxford. Soon after this time, his strength, both of body and mind, began to give way under the excessive labour to which he subjected himself. He was not only an indefatigable composer, but an industrious teacher; and he had also engaged in preparing materials for a musical dictionary. Finding himself, however, unable to accomplish an undertaking of such magnitude, he wrote his Musical Grammar; a little work in which the rudiments of music are clearly and judiciously expounded. This was his last work of any consequence. His faculties sank under such unremitting exertions, and he spent several years in a state of entire seclusion. His mind afterwards recovered its tone, and he was again able to mingle in society,

and resume his professional pursuits. But this lasted but a short while: he relapsed into mental imbecility, and died on the 16th of May 1821. A collection of his glees, catches, and canons, in two volumes, was published in 1824, by his son-in-law, Mr Horsley, who has prefixed to it an ably written and very interesting sketch of the composer's life.

No glees are more popular, or in more general use among amateurs, than those of Callcott. His style is less elevated and profound than that of Webbe; but he combines natural, pleasing, and frequently very expressive melody, with sound harmony and ingenious contrivance. Some of his glees are slight, and appear to have been hastily written; and others have been produced when his imagination was not very active: but a great many the produce of his happier moments—such as, 'Queen of the valley,' 'The red-cross knight,' 'In the lonely vale of streams,' 'The May-fly,' and 'The friar of orders gray,' are worthy of all the admiration they have received. He composed two or three songs, or cantatas, with orchestral accompaniments; one of which, 'Angel of life,' written for the celebrated Bartleman, enjoyed unbounded popularity in the days of that unrivalled bass-singer, but has scarcely been attempted by any of his successors.

Some beautiful glees were produced between thirty and forty years ago, by Mr R. J. Stevens, organist of the Charter-House. Among these, the most remarkable are 'Some of my heroes are low,' 'Ye spotted snakes,' 'It was a lover and his lass,' 'O mistress mine,' 'Crabbed age and youth,' and 'From Oberon in fairy-land.' These productions are exceedingly original, and indicative of a rich and poetical fancy. Mr Stafford Smith, a pupil of Dr Boyce, composed a number of fine glees, about the end of the last century. His 'Return blest days,' and 'Blest pair of sirens,' will always hold a high place in English vocal music.

The reputation of the English school of vocal harmony is fully supported by the composers of the present day. Mr Horsley, by his beautiful and classical productions, has placed himself in the highest rank of glee-writers. Mr W. Beale, among other excellent works, has made one of the few successful attempts, in modern times, to compose a madrigal. His 'Awake, sweet muse' (which gained the prize-cup given by the Madrigal Society in 1813) is worthy of the age of Elizabeth. Sir John Rogers, the present president of that society, and a person of the highest attainments, has produced several admirable compositions in this style, which are full of invention and taste, and deeply imbued with the spirit of 'the olden time.' Mr Samuel Webbe, jun., Mr Jolly, organist of St Peter's Chapel, and Mr Walmisley, organist of St Martin's-in-the-Fields, are the authors of several excellent glees. Mr Bishop, though he has devoted his talents chiefly to the theatre, has distinguished himself in this style of composition. Sir John Stevenson was a voluminous and popular glee-writer; but his productions are of too flimsy a structure to be lasting.

The author concludes his work with the following appropriate remarks:—"The diffusion of a taste for music, and the increasing elevation of its character, may be regarded as a national blessing. The tendency of music is to soften and purify the mind. The cultivation of a musical taste furnishes to the rich a refined and intellectual pursuit, which excludes the indulgence of vicious amusements, and to the poor a relaxation from toil, more attractive than the haunts of intemperance. All music of an elevated character is calculated to produce such effects; but it is to sacred music, above all, that they are to be ascribed. In the densely peopled manufacturing districts of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Derbyshire, music is cultivated among the working classes to an extent unparalleled in any other part of the kingdom. Every town has its choral society, supported by the amateurs of the place and its neighbourhood, where the sacred works of Handel, and the more modern masters, are performed with precision and effect, by a vocal and instrumental orchestra consisting of mechanics and work-people; and every village church has its occasional holiday oratorio, where a well-chosen and well-performed selection of sacred music is listened to by a decent and attentive audience of the same class as the performers, mingled with their employers and their families. Hence the practice of this music is an ordinary domestic and social recreation among the working classes of these districts; and its influence is of the most salutary kind. The people, in their manners and usages, retain much of the simplicity of 'the olden time'; the spirit of industrious independence maintains its ground among them, and they preserve much of their religious feelings and domestic affections, in spite of the demoralising effects of a crowded population, fluctuating employment, and pauperism. Their employers promote and encourage so salutary a recreation, by countenancing and contributing to defray the expenses of their musical associations; and some great manufacturers provide regular musical instruction for such of their work-people as show a disposition for it. 'It is earnestly to be wished,' says a late writer, 'that such an example were generally followed, in establishments where great numbers of people are employed. Wherever the working classes are taught to prefer the pleasures of intellect, and even of taste, to the gratification of sense, a great and favourable change takes place in their character and manners. They are no longer driven, by mere vacuity of mind, to the beer-shop; and a pastime, which opens their minds to the impressions produced

by the strains of Handel and Haydn, becomes something infinitely better than the amusement of an idle hour. Sentiments are awakened which make them love their families and their homes; their wages are not squandered in intemperance; and they become happier as well as better.'

In every class of society the influence of music is salutary. Intemperance may be rendered more riotous and more vicious by the excitement of loose and profane songs, and music may be an auxiliary to the metreticulous blandishments of the stage. But the best gifts of nature and art may be turned to instruments of evil; and music, innocent in itself, is merely abused when it is conjoined with immoral poetry and the allurements of pleasure."

RUSSIAN INTREPIDITY.

In Heath's Picturesque Annual for 1836, the author gives the following account of an exploit, which will illustrate a marked point in the Russian character, that of cool, and, at the same time, rash intrepidity. It beats the ascent of Pompey's pillar by the English sailors all to nothing:—

"An anecdote connected with this church, and not yet known, I believe, out of Russia, is too remarkable to be omitted. It places in a conspicuous point of view that spirit of almost absurd daring which is one of the peculiarities of the national character; and in fact the incident could not, I think, by possibility, have occurred in any other country. The spire, which fades away almost into a point in the sky, is, in reality, terminated by a globe of considerable dimensions, on which a figure stands, supporting a large cross. This object, less respected by the weather than perhaps his high character deserved, fell into disrepair; and some suspicions were entertained that it designed revisiting, uninvoked, the surface of the earth. The affair caused some uneasiness, and the government at length became seriously perplexed. To raise a scaffolding to such a height would have cost more money than all the figures of the kind were worth; and, meditating fruitlessly on these circumstances, without being able to resolve how to act, a considerable time was suffered to elapse.

Among the crowd of gazers below, who daily turned their eyes and their thoughts towards the figure, was a mujik called Telouchkine. This man was a roofer of houses (a slater, as he would be called in a country where slates are used), and his speculations by degrees assumed a more practical character than the idle wonders and conjectures of the rest of the crowd. The spire was entirely covered with sheets of gilded copper, and presented a surface to the eye as smooth as if it had been one mass of burnished gold. But Telouchkine knew that it was not one mass of any thing; that the sheets of copper were not even uniformly closed upon each other; and above all, that there were large nails used to fasten them, which projected from the sides of the spire.

Having meditated upon these circumstances till his mind was made up, the mujik went to the government, and offered to repair the figure, without scaffolding, and without assistance, on condition of being reasonably paid for the time expended in the labour. The offer was accepted; for it was made in Russia, and by a Russian.

On the day fixed for the adventure, Telouchkine, provided with nothing more than a coil of cords, ascended the spire in the interior to the last window. Here he looked down at the concourse of people below, and up at the glittering 'needle,' as it is called, tapering far away above his head. But his heart did not fail him, and stepping gravely out upon the ledge of the window, he set about his task.

He cut a portion of the cord in the form of two long stirrups, with a loop at each end. The upper loops he fastened upon two of the projecting nails above his head, and placed his feet in the others. Then, digging the fingers of one hand into the interstices of the sheets of copper, he raised up one of his stirrups with the other hand, so as to make it catch a nail higher up. The same operation he performed on behalf of the other leg, and so on alternately. And thus he climbed, nail by nail, step by step, stirrup by stirrup, till his starting-post was undistinguishable from the golden surface, and the spire had dwindled, and dwindled, and dwindled in his embrace, till he could clasp it all round.

So far, so well. But he had now reached the ball—a globe of between nine and ten feet in circumference. The figure, the object of his visit, was above this ball, and even concealed from his view by its smooth, round, and glittering expanse. Only fancy the fellow at that moment, turning up his grave eyes, and graver beard, to an obstacle that seemed to defy the daring and ingenuity of man!

But Telouchkine was not dismayed. He was prepared for the difficulty; and the means by which he essayed to surmount it exhibited the same prodigious simplicity as the rest of the feat.

Suspending himself in his stirrups, he girded the needle with a cord, the ends of which he fastened round his waist; and so supported, he leaned gradually back till the soles of his feet were planted against the spire. In this position he threw, by a strong effort, a coil of cord over the ball; and so coolly and accurately was the aim taken, that at the first trial it fell in the re-

quired direction, and he saw the end hang down on the opposite side.

To draw himself up into his original position, to fasten the cord firmly round the globe, and, with the assistance of this auxiliary, to climb to the summit, was now an easy part of his task; and in a few minutes more Telouchkine stood by the side of the figure, and listened to the about that burst like sudden thunder from the concourse below, yet came to his ear only like a faint and hollow murmur.

The cord, which he had now an opportunity of fastening properly, enabled him to descend with comparative facility; and the next day he carried up with him a ladder of ropes, by means of which he found it easy to effect the necessary repairs."

ROMANCE OF WAR.

[From Kincaid's Random Shots from a Rifleman.]

THE last night at Badajos had been to the belligerents such as few had ever seen—the next, to its devoted inhabitants, was such as none would ever wish to see again, for there was no sanctuary within its walls.

I was conversing with a friend the day after, at the door of his tent, when we observed two ladies coming from the city, who made directly towards us; they seemed both young; and when they came near, the elder of the two threw back her mantilla to address us, showing a remarkably handsome figure, with fine features, but her sallow, sunburnt, and careworn, though still youthful countenance, showed that in her "the time for tender thoughts and soft endearments had fled away and gone."

She at once addressed us in that confident heroic manner so characteristic of the high-bred Spanish maiden, told us who they were, the last of an ancient and honourable house, and referred to an officer high in rank in our army, who had been quartered there in the days of her prosperity, for the truth of her tale.

Her husband, she said, was a Spanish officer in a distant part of the kingdom; he might or he might not still be living. But yesterday, she and this her youngest sister were able to live in affluence and in a handsome house—to-day, they knew not where to lay their heads—where to get a change of raiment or a morsel of bread. Her house, she said, was a wreck; and to show the indignities to which they had been subjected, she pointed to where the blood was still trickling down their necks, caused by the wrenching of their ear-rings through the flesh, by the hands of worse than savages, who could not take the trouble to unclasp them!

For herself, she said, she cared not; but for the agitated, and almost unconscious maiden by her side, whom she had but lately received over from the hands of her conventual instructresses, she was in despair, and knew not what to do; and that, in the rapine and ruin which was at that moment desolating the city, she saw no security for her but the seemingly indelicate one she had adopted, of coming to the camp and throwing themselves upon the protection of any British officer who would afford it; and so great, she said, was her faith in our national character, that she knew the appeal would not be made in vain, nor the confidence abused. Nor was it made in vain! nor could it be abused, for she stood by the side of an angel! A being more transcendently lovely I had never before seen—one more amiable, I have never yet known!

Fourteen summers had not yet passed over her youthful countenance, which was of a delicate freshness, more English than Spanish—her face, though not perhaps rigidly beautiful, was nevertheless so remarkably handsome, and so irresistibly attractive, surmounting a figure cast in nature's fairest mould, that to look at her was to love her—and I did love her; but I never told my love, and in the meantime, another, and a more impudent fellow, stepped in and won her!—but yet I was happy; for in him she found such a one as her loveliness and her misfortunes claimed—a man of honour, and a husband in every way worthy of her!

That a being so young, so lovely, so interesting, just emancipated from the gloom of a convent, unknowing to the world and to the world unknown, should thus have been wrecked on a sea of troubles, and thrown on the mercy of strangers under circumstances so dreadful, so uncontrollable, and not to have sunk to rise no more, must be the wonder of every one. Yet, from the moment she was thrown on her own resources, her star was in the ascendant.

Guided by a just sense of rectitude, an innate purity of mind, a singleness of purpose which defied malice, and a soul that soared above circumstances, she became alike adored of the camp and of the drawing-room, and eventually the admired associate of princes. She yet lives, in the affections of her gallant husband, in an elevated situation in life, a pattern to her sex, and the every body's *beau idéal* of what a wife should be.

My reader will perhaps bear with me on this subject yet a little longer.

Thrown upon each other's acquaintance in a manner so interesting, it is not to be wondered at that she and I conceived a friendship for each other, which has proved as lasting as our lives—a friendship which was cemented by after circumstances so singularly romantic that imagination can scarcely picture them! The

friendship of man is one thing—the friendship of woman another; and those only who have been on the theatre of fierce warfare, and knowing that such a being was on the spot, watching with earnest and unceasing solicitude over his safety, alike with those most dear to her, can fully appreciate the additional value which it gives to one's existence.

About a year after we became acquainted, I remember that our battalion was one day moving down to battle, and had occasion to pass by the lone country-house in which she had been lodged.

The situation was so near to the outposts, and a battle certain, I concluded that she must, ere then, have been removed to a place of greater security; and big with the thought of coming events, I scarcely even looked at it as we rolled along, but, just as I had passed the door, I found my hand suddenly grasped in her's—she gave it a gentle pressure, and, without uttering a word, had rushed back into the house again, almost before I could see to whom I was indebted for a kindness so unexpected and so gratifying.

My mind had the moment before been sternly occupied in calculating the difference which it makes in a man's future prospects—his killing or being killed, when "a change at once came o'er the spirit of the dream," and throughout the remainder of that long and trying day, I felt a lightness of heart and a buoyancy of spirit which, in such a situation, was no less new than delightful.

I never, until then, felt so forcibly the beautiful description of Fitz-James's expression of feeling, after his leave-taking of Helen, under somewhat similar circumstances:—

"And after oft the knight would say,
That not when prize of festal day,
Was dealt him by the brightest fair
That e'er wore jewel in her hair,
So highly did his bosom swell,
As at that simple, mute farewell."

READING.

Good reading involves three grand requisites: a correct pronunciation of words, singly and in combination; a due observation of those pauses, emphases, and inflexions, which serve to mark the meaning; and in superadding those tones which express the passions and emotions of the heart. In the union of these three, the perfection of reading consists. A correct pronunciation is a primary ingredient; for, as there is no necessary connection between words and things, but the association is purely conventional, it is very evident that, without an adherence to some common standard, we should be imperfectly understood; therefore, the more we agree with it the more intelligible we shall make ourselves. Although it can never be expected that all should attain extreme purity and refinement of pronunciation, or that they should be able to escape local contamination, yet it is deserving the attention of all to divest themselves of the grosser peculiarities of their dialect, so that they may be efficiently understood. Our first care, therefore, should be never to allow one word to be mistaken for another.

To transpire or omit the aspirate [h] is a very prevalent error in the provinces, and gives rise to the most ludicrous mistakes. For instance, we hear it sometimes said of a lady "that her *air* is very fine;" and, naturally concluding that the address and manners of the lady are eulogised, we are not a little surprised to find that the compliment is intended for her hair, and that the glossiness and exuberance of her tresses, not the polish of her manners, form the subject of eulogy. The Indian juggler who swallowed the sword was thought to have achieved no ordinary feat; but this is nothing to what I have heard my own countryman profess, when he gravely assured me he was going to "eat the poker;" and when I might momentarily have expected to see the obdurate instrument transferred to the jaws of the magical masticator, the difficulty was at once explained, by his simply inserting it between the bars of the fire; meaning not that he would actually eat or devour the poker, but merely that he would heat it, or make it hot. When aspirates and non-aspirates come together in clusters, confusion then has made his masterpiece. "Hi hentered is ouse, hand hi hofferred in my and." Of a practice got to this length the cure will be no easy matter; but to the unperturbed the correct application of the aspirate is a very simple business, the h being mute in very few words, which may be learnt in three minutes by referring to Walker. Humble for umble has been rather in vogue of late. To this innovation there is a decided objection, as giving force and elevation to a word which indicates the very reverse. The Scotch are perfectly free from this perversion of the aspirate, but they have a very coarse pronunciation of the letter, as well as of the letter r; giving a rough, guttural sound to the r, and generally pronouncing h much too forcibly. When occurring in the middle of a word, they make a pause, as if to mark the place of its insertion. This is decidedly wrong; the aspirate should always precede the word. To the younger branches it may not be superfluous to remark, that *an* for *a* is used before words, though aspirated, when the accent falls on the second syllable, as an harmonious, an hereafter. Care must be taken to prevent interchange and consequent confusion between the words ending in *al* and *le*, as principle for principal. "I shall do myself the honour to attend his *bride*." How very condescending! he means to hold his horse! No such thing; it is to attend his wedding; he meant to say *bride*, not *bridle*.

Pre and *pro*, at the commencement of words, for the same reason, must be carefully discriminated. There are certain words and classes of words which, from some cause or other, seem to have fallen into almost general perversion; such are *haunt*, *taunt*, *flaunt*; all these have the sound of *au* in *aunt*, or *ancle*, with the exception of *vaunt*; and the exclamation *avaunt* follows the same rule. Nouns and adjectives in *ile* are not unfrequently mispronounced, as *hostile*, *servile*, *reptile*; with the exception of *Gentile*, *senile*, and *exile*, these terminations are short. A vague and indefinite sound is often given to nouns and adjectives in *uin*, as *captain*, *chieftain*; these have the final sound like *in*, Britain being an exception. Every public speaker knows to his cost the difficulty of giving force and impressiveness to such half-formed sounds: they lack breadth on which to base a weighty and massive emphasis. Many of our best authors have overlooked the importance of an association of sense and sound, without considering whether their words were sufficiently sonorous for the situation assigned them, or, by bestowing the whole weight and emphasis on trivial words, while the stronger stalk unloaded. Between writer, reader, and speaker, there ought to be a complete understanding, for they have a mutual dependence. Among all the arts there exists a much stronger affinity than is generally imagined; but between the effective delivery of language and forcible construction, the relation is so close that want of skill in the former is sure to entail unskillfulness and inefficiency on the latter. Sounds naturally contract and dilate with the subjects they image; we instinctively give a breadth and fullness of line to important matter, and pass lightly over what is of minor moment. The poets have availed themselves largely of this verbal colouring, but few have equalled Campbell in the effective application of it. The word "boom" in the "Battle of the Baltic" is a remarkable instance. As one or two specimens of words frequently mispronounced, even by the educated classes—design for design, hover for hover, wont pronounced want instead of wunt, sovereign for suverign, combat for cumbat, comrade for cumrade, Monmouth for Munmouth, Cromwell for Crumwell, figgur for figure, &c.

A very little care will serve to remove all gross and palpable errors in pronunciation, and these ought to be unsparingly eradicated, as they always operate more or less to the obscuration of the meaning. Whenever attention is called off by any peculiarity from the matter conveyed to the medium of conveyance, in that degree the reader or speaker defeats the only rational object of his art, which is to impress ideas on the mind, and feelings on the heart, and not mere sounds upon the ear; and for this reason any thing like affectation cannot be too severely reprobated.

The highest apex of art, when once attained, only places us in more immediate contact with nature. This is strikingly the case in every department of study. The young artist is caught at first with constrained attitude and glaring colours; but he soon learns to subdue his style, and to prefer the natural and simple to the glaring and effective. The inexperienced declaimer labours under a similar delusion; he imagines that every thing is to be effected by mere violence; he delights in extravagant gesture, loud vociferation, and distortion of countenance; but when once he comes to see the proficients in his art, he is astonished to find with how little expenditure of power the greatest effects are produced, and that more is often achieved by a pointed movement of the finger, a simple inflection of the voice, or even a quiet turn of the eye, than by all the violence and distortion which he had previously mistaken for excellence. The same remark is proverbial of style and composition. "True ease in writing," says the most polished wielder of the English pen,

"True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance."

And that easy and familiar style, scarcely one remove from correct and polished conversation, has always been found most difficult of attainment. Dr Johnson threw off his "Rambler" with scarcely an erasure; Addison, and others of the same school, corrected and revised incessantly.

The same remark applies to oratory, and proves that, in an artificial state of things (and such is ours), it is only by the guidance of art that we can arrive at the simplicity of nature. The child, indeed, while yet unconscious of the restraints that surround him, is easy and graceful as the young Indian who, in his cradle of bark, has been rocked upon the forest bough. There is music in every tone, his every movement is a picture. He requires no tutor for deportment; he is perfect from nature. Instinctive master of every tone and gesture, he modulates and inflects his voice with surprising facility and effect: attempt to deprive him of his toy, "Give it me," he exclaims; "tis mine, not yours."

"Sweet is the voice of girls, the song of birds,
The lip of children, and their earliest words."

Thus he continues, for a while, the delight and admiration of all who hear and behold him; but time, the great, though insensible, transmuter of all things, rolls on, and, as it gradually unfolds his mind, discloses to him the artificial restraints by which he is surrounded. The hypocrisy of this conventional state of things presses painfully on his young, ingenious mind; he perceives that certain observances must be attended to, certain forms cannot be violated with impunity; he hesitates—with hesitation comes restraint,

and with restraint its natural concomitants, awkwardness and embarrassment; he is rapidly passing into another stage of being, and the little eloquent picture we so lately admired is soon transformed into the awkward, skulking, and ungainly boy. How do we then proceed? We subject him to an artificial discipline; he is gradually initiated into all the observances of polished life; he is taught how to demean himself in the streets, at the table, in the drawing-room; and thus, in process of time, and by dint of discipline, recovering what he has lost, he emerges into society, the easy, natural, and accomplished man; and thus, by the circuitous route of art, is he brought back to the simplicity of nature.—From *Professor Calvert's Lectures to the Liverpool Mechanics' Institution.*

THE MANTIS.

THE Juvenile Forget-Me-Not for 1836 contains a paper by Dr Walsh, entitled "Dialogue between Father and Child," in the course of which the author describes the insect called the Mantis, or Walking Leaf:—

F. There is a gravity in his motions, a wisdom in his aspect, and a sage and deliberate character in the manner in which he moves his head, that it has obtained for him the name of Mantis, or soothsayer, many of whose qualities are ascribed to him, and he is actually believed to possess them. He reposes deliberately on his hind legs, like an animal in a sitting posture, and then he raises one or both of his fore-legs like arms in such a way, with the nail projecting, that he looks exactly like a human being, pointing with his finger to some object to which he directs the attention; and at one time he is supposed to be intimating a future event, and then he is called the Diviner, and consulted like an oracle. At another he is thought to be pointing out the right path to a traveller; and in countries where the insect is found, particularly among the superstitious peasantry of the south of France, when a traveller loses his way, he searches among the bushes for a mantis to direct him.

D. That is very curious.

F. But he exhibits attitudes more curious still. He sometimes holds both fore-feet together, a little elevated, looking at the same time up to heaven with the most solemn aspect, and he exactly resembles a human being with his hands folded in the act of devotion. He is then called *le prie Dieu*, or the worshipper, and looked upon in that attitude as something holy. This veneration is increased because he seems to possess the sense of hearing, and turns his head to the sound of an organ, as if he was particularly impressed with the nature of sacred music. On some occasions, when he is sought after, he suddenly contrives to elude his pursuers, and disappears. Hence he is supposed to be gifted with supernatural powers to deceive and escape from his enemy, and he is called the Invisible. He lives for a length of time without food, light, or air, even longer than most insects, and, from this tenacity of life, he is called the Immortal. And that nothing might be wanting to add to the respect which superstition attaches to these insects, the eggs of some species are found disposed in the form of a cross, as if by this they intended to display their veneration for the sacred emblem.

D. Dear papa, did you ever see any of these things yourself?

F. From the various and curious accounts I had heard, I was very desirous to examine them in their native state, and be an eye-witness to their motions and habits. Whenever I was in a country where they are found, I always procured some, and so had an opportunity. The first place I saw one was near Ephesus, in Asia Minor. We were taken prisoners, and detained all night on the banks of a river, by a party of Turks, and they accidentally set fire with their pipes to some dry reeds and bushes which covered the ground about us. As the fire advanced, the grass and leaves seemed endued with animation, and to be moving from it. On looking a little closer, I found what I thought was vegetable matter had really life. The humid soil and great heat of the climate had produced a vast quantity of insects in this place, and among them several kinds of mantis, who were disturbed by the fire, and instinctively moving from it. Their motions were very grave and deliberate. After moving a little way, they stopped and looked back, as if to see whether the fire was advancing to them, and then walked on again. I brought away with me a large one, which exactly resembled a branch with a leaf attached to each side, and I kept him a long time at the palace at Constantinople, watching his motions, which exactly resembled what I had heard of them. He sometimes held up his fore-feet, with his head raised as if in the act of prayer; and sometimes he would turn and look up to me in the same attitude, as if entreating me to let him go. I caught another on a pine-tree in an island of the sea of Marmora, which was endued with the faculty of distinguishing sounds, and was attracted or repelled as they were agreeable or disagreeable. He was standing on a table, when a lady in the room struck a piano-forte. He started, turned his head in the direction of the sound, and astonished every one present by actually raising and letting fall one of his fore-feet, as if beating time to the music. On another occasion I was exhibiting the insect to a friend in my apartments, and turned round to call his attention to some curi-

ous motions it was making. When I looked again, it was gone, as if, like an Irish Liperchaun, it rendered itself invisible the moment I took my eyes from it. We searched every where, but could find no trace of it, though it was as large as a bird. A few days after, it reappeared, and I found it clinging to the wall.

THE YELLOW VIOLET.

[By W. C. Bryant.]

When beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the blue bird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume,
Sweet flower! I love in forest bare
To meet thee, when thy faint perfume
Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring
First plant thee in the watery mould,
And I have seen thee blossoming
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view
Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,
Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,
And streak'd with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,
And earthward bent thy gentle eye,
Unapt the passing view to meet,
When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

Oft, in the sunless April day,
Thy early smile has stayed my walk,
But, 'midst the gorgeous blooms of May,
I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they, who climb to wealth, forget
The friends in darker fortunes tried!
I copied them—but I regret
That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour
Awakes the painted tribes of light,
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower
That made the woods of April bright.

—Selections from the American Poets.

A SUNDAY IN FRANCE.

THE following account of a Sunday in France is given by a writer in the *Christian Journal*, a Glasgow publication:—

"In the morning before breakfast, we walked into the streets (of Paris), and were surprised to find the shops all open, and business proceeding as usual; if there was any difference from Saturday, it consisted in the greater number of coaches which might be seen hurrying off to Versailles or St Cloud, and the towns in the neighbourhood of Paris, where recreation and amusement is resorted to more on the Sabbath than any other day of the week. Being desirous to ascertain how the Sabbath was actually spent there, we resolved to repair to Versailles, where the French king goes to worship. Having resolved on this a day or two beforehand, we were obliged to secure a coach, as they would all be occupied on that day.

Having reached Versailles, we found little appearance for a while of his majesty coming to church—shortly we were told he would be likely to come first to inspect the masons who were working at his palace there, and then go to chapel. We were not a little astonished to find some hundreds of masons and other labourers, busy at their work, repairing the palace; here, too, the shops were all open, women washing in the open air, hay driving to the market, and all sorts of business proceeding as usual. Shortly after the king did arrive, but we were told no one could get within a hundred yards of his carriage, he is so closely guarded. We passed on to the gardens of Versailles, which surpass all description for grandeur and extent. They were crowded with people promenading in every direction. Here the chief object of attraction was the palace of Bonaparte and the Empress Josephine; it is open to the public, and servants are placed into it by government, to exhibit it to strangers for a shilling or two—Sabbath to them is the best day of the week. But this, with all its disregard for the Sabbath, was but a tithe of what we had yet to witness at St Cloud, another royal residence about six miles from Paris. It is a lovely spot, situate at the foot of a gentle declivity, beautifully studded with trees and long shady groves, and several very large fountains. Here there is an annual *fete* or grand fair, which begins on the 6th of September, and lasts for three weeks. The 6th September happened this year to be a Sabbath, but just so much the better for commencing the fair. Accordingly, on our arrival, about five o'clock in the afternoon, we found at least eight or ten thousand people collected, some promenading in the avenues, some loitering by the fountains—but the great mass engrossed with some kind of active amuse-

ment. Conceive a beautiful wood, with an open space in the centre, with tents and booths of every description—here a ball, and there a concert, shows and exhibitions without number, and an immense concourse of well-dressed people mixing in the dance, or trying their good fortune at some game of chance, amid the noise of shouting and music, and you may have some conception of the grand fair of St Cloud. It is generally announced by authority to take place at one of the royal residences, and graciously countenanced by his majesty as he returns from chapel in his carriage.

The scene was such as we could have enjoyed at any other time, for the people were all sober, orderly, and well behaved—but such was not our idea of the way to spend a Sabbath. We now hastened back to the city, and found the gardens crowded with people, and the shops nearly all shut—most of them, we believe, close about four in the afternoon, for the purpose of getting some recreation. Now, in reality, is all Paris in the streets, the hum of human voices is heard every where—the public gardens are crowded with loungers, and the music is more splendid than usual. In the garden of the Palais Royal the fountain is playing, and on both sides of it may be seen crowds rushing into the theatres, which reap a rich harvest on Sabbath evenings; and again smaller parties of two or three desperate characters may be seen passing to and from the legalised gaming-house, in one of the principal streets, near this spot. Such is the mode of spending a Sabbath in Paris—public amusements, theatricals, and gambling. We retired to our room, sick and wearied of such scenes, having never before in one day witnessed so much of human depravity."

TURNPIKE ROADS AND RAILWAYS.

WHEN the imperfections of any old system, and its want of adaptation to an end proposed, are, by reflection, or the progress of science, made manifest, the wonder is, how such a system could so long have been in use. Thus it is, in the present day, in respect to turnpike roads. The Liverpool and Manchester railway, in particular, has taken the film from the public eye; and every body now wonders how the barbarous system of travelling on loose gravel could have been endured, while blocks of granite, or bars of iron, were in existence! In short, when one reflects that a turnpike road is nothing better than a mill for grinding stones to powder, it might almost be supposed that England never produced a philosopher, or a truly scientific genius, till the day when the first rail of the Liverpool and Manchester railway was laid down. To dig gravel out of the earth, or blast stones out of a rock; to break and sift them, when so procured; to cart them to, and spread them upon, a turnpike road, there to be ground to dust; to scrape up the dust when become mud; and, lastly, to cart it away, thus making room for another layer of loose gravel to undergo the same destructive and expensive process—was truly to raise the question, whether there was a man of science in the country. Railways are, undoubtedly, the most philosophical means of transport yet known, or probably that can be devised. Their great cost, however, is a bar to their construction, except between places where the traffic is immense. Tramways, like that in the Commercial Road, of which Mr Parkin was the projector, stand next in importance, and may be made where the traffic will not justify the construction of railways, especially as Mr Parkin has recently discovered, in a vitrified stone, a substitute for granite, which for tramways is much more suitable, while it is equally durable, and much less expensive.—*Sun newspaper.*—[That railways should have been so long in being established, is not more surprising than a thousand other stupidities. The grand, the ever-convenient cry, "It can't be done," sufficiently accounts for all kinds of social discomforts.]

The publication of the *Educational Course* projected by Messrs CHAMBERS has now commenced. Two works, almost from the extremes of the series, have appeared—*Infant Education between Two and Six Years of Age*, 1s. 6d. sewed, 2s. cloth boards—and a *History of the English Language and Literature*, 2s. sewed, and 2s. 6d. cloth boards. *British History and Resources; a First Introduction to Nature; and Geography* are in preparation, and will soon appear.

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